

CATO'S GHOST.

FROM happy Climes, where Virtue never dies,
 The much mistaken *Cato's* forc'd to rise;
 Drawn on the Stage to Patronize a Cause,
 Which Living *Cato* could not but Oppose.
 With Artful Smiles the Charming Pages shine,
 And Treason Mourns on each Brocaded Line.
 Oh *Addison*! could'st thou not be Content,
 To Sacrifice good Sense and Argument?
 Had'st thou no other way to raise thy Fame,
 And Fortune, but by Wounding *Cato's* Name?
 Mean and Injurious; had but *Cato* liv'd
 In *Britain's* happy Isle, how had he griev'd,
 Griev'd for a K—— Struggling in Storms of Fate
 And greatly falling, with a falling State!
 So Busie Rebels, when they would Delude
 The honest, unsuspecting Multitude,
 Grace their Rebellion with a *Patriot's* Name,
 And work their Story in the Finest Frame:
 B——ns attend! be *Cato's* Sense approv'd,
 And shew that you have Virtue to be mov'd;
 That Sacred plan of Power deliver'd down,
 From Age to Age, from Father unto Son,
 Is each Man's Rule of Action, and had he
 Been Subject to a King's Authority,
 Even *Cato's* self had been for Monarchy.
 The Field which Honour moves in, is not wide,
 The Law's her Warrant, Wisdom is her Guide,
 All else is Frenzy, Madness all beside.
 B——ns believe it, tho' the Day seems Fair,
 Tempests and Storms are gathering in the Air;
 Oppression, Power Usurp'd, and T——y,
 Can never have a long Prosperity,
 Some weighty Vengeance, some chosen Curse be sure,
 Some hidden Thunder in the Heavenly Store,
 Is now discharging on the Heads of those,
 Who dare aspire above their Country's Laws;
 Ambitious Demons wait their fall below,
Caesar and *Cromwell*, and the Proud N——
 B——ns be Just, nor sell your Honesty,
 Nor look on Grandeur with a dazzling Eye,
Caesar had all the Courtly winning ways,
Caesar had Balls, and *Caesar* went to Plays,
Caesar would Whore and Rant, and Drink and Fight,
Caesar had Gold, but *Caesar* had no Right.
 'Tis was the Case of *Rome*, consider well,
 ——— be not just a Parallel,

But will you Wanton in your Misery;
 And for Diversion sell your Liberty?
 You see the Man in a false glaring Light;
 Which Empire sheds on him: but view him right;
 You'll find him Black, with Crimes of deepest Dye,
 Murder, Uf——, T——y;
 O where's the Antient *Bri——* Genius fled?
 Are Justice, Honour, Virtue, Bravery Dead?
 Shall T——s Revel in the B——sh Store,
 Whilst rightful P—— Beg from Door to Door?
 Shall the Sole P—— left of the R—— Blood,
 Be forc'd from Court to Court, to Sue for Food?
 Whilst the Uf—— Impiously Great,
 Plumes with the Pompous Ornaments of State,
 And Lavishes away the Heirs Estate,
 B——ns, for shame behold the wond'rous Youth,
 With how much Care he forms himself to Truth,
 How Just, how Brave, how Generous, how Wise,
 How Good he is, without the least Disguise;
 Nor all the Ills that Cover, can obscure
 The rising Glory of his Royal Power;
 With Radiant Force, it breaks thro' Clouds of Night,
 And Blazes more Illustriously Bright.
 Such is your P——, how can you then be Slaves
 To Madmen, Fools, Whores, Foreigners and Knaves?
 Rise B—— rise, your K—— demands your Aid,
 God and St. G——; can B—— be afraid?
 In such a Cause break through the thick Array,
 Of the Usurping Guard, and Force your way;
 Some lucky hand, more Favour'd than the rest,
 May Charge him home, and reach th' U—— Breast,
 Restore your K—— and make your Country Blest.
 Th' Attempt is worthy of the Noblest Hand,
 Th' Attempt may every B——sh Heart Command,
 Improve the lucky Hour, assert your Laws,
 Nor fear to Dye in such a Glorious Cause;
Cato's Experience in the World of Bliss,
 Assures you Everlasting Happiness.
 There the Brave Youth, with Love of Virtue fir'd,
 Who greatly in his Country's Cause expir'd,
 Shall know he Conquer'd; the firm Patriot there,
 Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care,
 Tho' still by Faction, Vice and Fortune cross'd,
 Shall find his Generous Labour was not lost.